“I Lay Down My Life For You”
(Director’s Cut)

written, produced and arranged
by JPEGMAFIA

TRACKLIST

Side A

1. I.S. 231 (Intro)
2. i scream this into the mirror before i interact with anyone
3. PROTECT THE CROSS
4. SIN MIEDO
5. I'll Be Right There
6. Jordan Rules
7. it's dark and hell is hot
8. New Black History (feat. Vince Staples)
9. CULT STATUS
10. don't rely on other men (album)
11. COKE OR DOPE?
12. vulgar of display of power
13. Exmilitary
14. JPEGULTRA! (feat. Denzel Curry)
15. i lay down my life for you (feat. Buzzy Lee)
16. Boy You Should Know!
17. either on or off the drugs
18. loop it and leave it
19. Don't Put Anything On The Bible (feat. Buzzy Lee)
20. I recovered from this
21. ALLAH

Side B

1. What the hip hop hell is this?
2. Come & Get Me
3. Bloodline Freestyle (2022 Demo)
4. HATE (feat. FREAKYMAFIACULT)
5. TAKE AN (Instrumental)
6. Don't rely on other men (single)
7. JIHAD JOE

"I.S. 231 (Intro)"

Written by Bob Marley & the Wailers,
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA,
Mastered by Dale Becker

[Intro]

I can hear the words of the Rastaman say
"Babylon, you throne gone down, gone down
Babylon, you throne gone down"
I said fly away home Zion, fly away home
One bright morning when my work is over
I go fly away home

"lati MAFIA A BERE.NINU MAFIA A KU. RESS-A-BOSS.
I'm doing everything i said i would.
In The Mafia We Trust"

"i scream this in the mirror before i interact with anyone"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Guitar by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Programming by JPEGMAFIA

[Intro]

If I was an NBA player/ I'd be Dillon Brooks/
but worse.

[Verse 1]

I'm Deebo/ We are not equal/ They all miss like they Shaq at the free throw/ Scrape my plate never shat where I eat though/ Pray to God that I never slave to d' evil/ Dos míos/ Sippin' Modelo/ Spit like I'm starving/ I'm finna let my ribs show/ Your win-loss/ Looking Jake Paul/ We face off/ Ima make you face God/

[Chorus]

Who that running they trap/ Bro you ain't
built that/ Y'all name drop names for WAP/ I
ain't fulfilled like that/ 50 beats switches
a minute/ They gon' put me in the Guinness/ I
need maximum the digits/ Blame it on capitalism

[Verse 2]

You get hit with a facepalm/ It's a new year but I'm still fake calm/ 45' always there like State Farm/ When they can't read you like a book/ They gon' try to attack what you stand on/ Ima take off even if I land wrong/ And take everything I can get my hands on/ Run it up

[Chorus]

Who that running they trap/ Bro you ain't
built that/ Y'all name drop names for WAP/ I
ain't fulfilled like that/ 50 beats switches
a minute/ They gon' put me in the Guinness/ I
need maximum the digits/ Blame it on capitalism

[Verse 3]

I hate when niggas stressing about what you be doing/ More than worrying about their own shit/ I hate when these bitches be begging/ Your boy for some cash/ And then turn 'round say "eat the rich"/ They get mad niggas do it for themselves because/ Their parents are still chipping in/ Oh you mad your bitch played follow the leader/ After you unfollowed your bitch/ Huh?/ The underground filled with my Gohans/ These niggas be scamming to GoFund/ Nigga said he fucked my bitch/ I said which one?/ My top five/ Is me and four Dylans/

"PROTECT THE CROSS"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA, DATPIFFMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Guitar by JPEGMAFIA
Additional Guitar by Alex Goldblatt
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Keyboard by JPEGMAFIA

PART 1

[Pre-Chorus]

Freak bitch, tuck it in her tanline/No stripes,
made her talk to me/Like I got gang ties/
Straight right, catching this heater/Feel like
a landmine/ 2025, your politics is a gang sign

[Chorus]

Let's go/ They bullshitting/But spitting like
they was Esco/ Take it off/ Bitch, bend ya
knees/And protect the cross

[Verse 1]

Two faced, I'm Harvey Dent/Mixed with Michael Jackson/ I can't even get jiggy with these niggas/ I feel like Michael Blackson/ Y'all got 30 niggas a beat/ That shit is Frankensteined/
I'm outstreaming everyone I beef with/I be analyzing/Haha!

[Chorus]

Let's go/Aye, fuck your writtens/You bombing
like Charlie Hebdo/Take it off/Bitch, bend ya
knees/And protect the cross

[Verse 2]

I can't treat no skeeze like no main squeeze/ She don't even ask me who I hang with/ She know I cheat/ These bitches don't even speak my language/I'm finna leave/Because Peggy is not for your entertainment/I need a fee

[Chorus]

Retro/ They assed out/ We banged his BM/ Like
Kirko/ Peep the lore/ She shaking ass/ on
podium floors (careful, careful)

[Verse 3]

You can just relax/Every other day I turn these beats into a pack/ Call me Black Kenny Rogers/Because I know when to fold 'em/
Cashing out because it's too late in this stage/To be spitting cap, bitch

[Bridge]

I can't stand/ The way these crackers copy/Feet on land/You'd never hit a Nazi/Frito shoulder/I'm marrying the chip/
Real hares/Had her bunny hopping on the dick

"PROTECT THE CROSS" (cont'd)

[Pre-Chorus]

Freak bitch, tuck it in her tanline/No stripes, made her talk to me/Like I got gang ties/ Straight right, catching this heater/Feel like a landmine/ 2025, your politics is a gang sign

[Chorus]

Let's go/ They bullshitting/But spitting like they was Esco/ Take it off/ Bitch, bend ya knees/And protect the cross

PART 2 [Verse 1]

I come through swiftly/ Don't beef with a nigga/ I'll do fifty/ Op list don't trip me/ I aim when I'm rolling/ Like Wheelchair Jimmy/ Why did you say/ You was gon'/ Fuck me up last year/ Now I do not hear a peep?/ Probably because you know/ Next time I see you/ You gonna end up/ Right next to Peep/ Crackers be thinking that all of my lines/ About what they projecting on me/ Because they rather focus on hating on Peggy/ Than getting some pussy or cheese/ — All these cosplay white-boy rapping ass niggas/ Can suck on the D/ I do not do back and forth/ With a cracker/ I'm cracking my whip/ On the beat/ I cannot study no parts like an actor/ I gotta freestyle what I'm making/ I cannot act like I don't want the crown/ I don't care if it's taken or vacant/ — Man, these niggas be older not wiser/ Man, all of that rippidy-rapping/ Be making 'em soft/ All of them wah gwan Delilahs/ Ain't standing on nothing/ These niggas and hoes can be bought/ White bitches ain't vote for Kamala/ They lied/ So I lie when I'm trying/ To get in that box/ Bitch, get on ya knees/ Shake that ass/ And get to protect my cross

"SIN MIEDO"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA, DATPIFFMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Programming by JPEGMAFIA
Guitar by Alex Goldblatt
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Additional Guitar Programming by JPEGMAFIA

[Verse 1]

You niggas is bitches/ I don't wanna kick it/ Young Peggy I aim for the fences/ You niggas don't swing/ You just stacking up misses/ You tweet all your business/ We cant do no business/ Dick riding is expensive*/ If you need image/ Then baby don't listen/ Keep bumping who the fuck is thats/ Fake plug talking/ Tubi rappers/ Got a machine behind em/ And still they cant fill up/ Capacity with they raps/ Baby mama be a rap snack/ Grew up white/ Now they act black

[Refrain]

She got issues with her father/ I had issues
with my barber/ She off all of these drugs/
Coke in her butt/ RIP AARON CARTER

[Verse 2]

I do what I do with a vengeance/ Pegasus been had style,/ Show out wit class,/ Gimme detention/ Y'all do a lot for the mentions/ I spaz in another dimension/ Bout to take it to another level/ My attraction came wit a pension/ Now some niggas gotta respect or they getting retired/ Or step in the room every nigga inspired/ Or niggas just hate cuz they shorty admire/ Now tell me what's flame to the fire

[Refrain]

She got issues with her father/ I had issues
with my barber/ She off all of these drugs/
Coke in her butt/ RIP AARON CARTER

[Verse 3]

Thank God I didn't cheat with that bitch/ Get it in/ Get it out/ Get it off my chest/ Im Jihad Joe/ Falling down them steps/ Im the head honcho I need a pistol/ Make a mistake I pay it in crypto/ You got the swag of a nigga from Chaturbate/ You wanna aggravate/ Stick talk/ Let the chopper elaborate

"I'll Be Right There"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Synth by JPEGMAFIA
Piano by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Programming by JPEGMAFIA
String arrangements by Aver Ray

[Verse 1]

Bitch I'm back outside/ They getting surprised when they hearing these beats like epiphanies/ Back and forth with this African booty scratcher/ I left all of that talking for bitches B/ I was at the hotel with the blower/ You said you would show but you never did shit to me/ If you showed for that face to face wouldn't be shit, but shots and stained Mowalowa tees/ This bitch text other men sending pics of me/ He talk shit with his friends, say that shit to me/ This hoe only online, she ain't real to me/ They is what niggas think I'm supposed to be/ It's so funny you claiming you touch but you can't back it up/ But you back at it posting me/ We woulda had that boy face down ass up like your baby mama be

Fuck these niggas, I'm spazzing/ Hitting that hoe till I give her a heart attack/ I just told that bitch sheeyeeaa, she think Carti back/ I put creativity back on the map/ I be spitting that dope like it's 80s crack/ Buck 50, you ain't get no cash back/ He see daddy day care, he gets flashbacks/ You keep yapping, I'll open my Cash App

I keep a bald head in the sac/ Bitch, I go Amber Rose with these MAGA raps/ Yea, I stand on that shit, ain't no backing back/ I don't care what you feel, I ain't factor that/ And that's real/ Barry Sanders, every run is reel/ Col Sanders, keep the recipe sealed/ These niggas connected like Bronny for real/ That nepotism won't help in the field/ I let it hit, brewing the coffee I'm taking a sip/ Everybody be thinking Peggy sweet/ Thinking it's Splenda till I let it rip/ Y'all niggas thinking y'all one step ahead, this is me letting you know that I'm hip/ Y'all keep on thinking I'm playing the hand I was dealt, until that same hand get a grip, bitch

You don't want none of them problems/ You don't want none of them issues/ None of yo people gon' miss you/ You be better off wit a tissue/ Loaded the rocket wit missiles, she catching a tip like a stripper/ I had issues with my barber/ You'll have issues with the clippers

"Jordan Rules"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Guitar by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Piano by JPEGMAFIA
Keyboard by JPEGMAFIA
Tambourine by JPEGMAFIA

[Verse 1]

You ain't gotta be white for this Kimber to give you a tan/ Bid on the boss, double the cost, bam/ They sucking dick when you popping, I know they gonna stop it/ I want my advance/ Got these bitches jumping through the hoops to get close to the Peg/ I'm fucking a fan/ Yea, I fired my PR, that bitch was a loser/ More leather than money in hand/ I did not grow up with baby videos, my momma could not afford cams/ These niggas be whiter than snow when they grow up, that's why they relate to they fans/ Keep a hand in they face when they shoot/ This Tiananmen Square, niggas tanking the plans/ I was wrong when I said Dillon Brooks, I'm a Bill Laimbeer kind of a man/ Hoe, square up when you step in my lane/ I got Jordan Rules to put you in the pan/ I be fucking my bitch to the side/ My side bitch bump Joey Valence/ At the Boiler Room, you coulda died/ All these fuckers do not got no hands/ What you not, what you not gonna do—step up in my face with that playing/ Outta my mind, I'm not outta thots/ Out of the pan, whippin' the pots/ Brain over pussy, thought out of the box/ All these niggas be tender and soft/ And1 ~ point the foul out/ Shook that muthafucka right up out of his socks/ 45 to his lightbulb ~ Teddy Pendergrass, we just turned that bitch off

[Break]

Fuck nigga/ I was born in the '80s, nigga/
I don't give a fuck about nothing you stupid
ass niggas is doing/ Fuck y'all

[Verse 2]

I got more choppers, crackers that don't trust the government/ Look what I'm (TOTEN)/ We aim at your head/ You voted for Jill, you a fed (TOTEN)/ Higher than healthcare, do some cardio/ Shot your boss like my brother was Mario (MURDER)/ Choppers and pistols with automatics attached (a switch)/ Next to Katana like Joker, I'm ready to laugh/ The Kimber a freak, band geek, keep the drum on her butt/ I know you niggas be jocking, the bitches be barking, I'm ready to muzzle a mutt/ Higher than healthcare, do some cardio/ Shot your boss like my brother was Mario/ Choppers and pistols with automatics attached (a switch)/ Next to Katana like Joker, I'm ready to (MURDER)

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"Jordan Rules" (cont'd)

...

[Break]

I was born in the '80s, nigga/ I don't give a fuck about none of you Twisted Tea sippin' punk bitch-ass niggas be doin'/ Y'all niggas is PIE/ All of y'all/ Born in the '80s/ Look

[Verse 3]

I ain't gon' front, got that shit Pelican/ I break it down when I'm checking my ticket/ Eskimo bros with some niggas I'm better than/ Industry niggas, all estrogen bitches/ White people copying culture, I wanna be Trump since y'all wanna be niggas/ And how come your bitches be hitting me up on the side? 'Cause she want her a nigger/ How come they get so defensive when you call them out? They don't wanna be…/ How much you hate that nigga? I hate him so much, I hope they die/ How much you hate this nigga? His daddy dead & his brother is pie/ How much you hate that nigga? I'm fucking his main, I'm working his sides/ Where is your patience, nigga? I ran out when he started running up lies/ How did you break this nigga? I took all my enemies' names, I don't beef, I mime

[Outro]

Yo bitch, yo house, yo clout, that's mine/ Them cars, them clothes, them hoes, all mine/ I got these beats doing cardio/ El Generico/ Mask up and body hoes/ Don't flinch, don't move, don't breathe/ He dying for clout, press his funeral tee

"it's dark and hell is hot"

Produced by DJ Ramemes & JPEGMAFIA
Written by DJ Ramemes, JPEGMAFIA & Denzel Curry
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Additional Vocals by Denzel Curry
Guitar Lick by Alex Goldbatt
Additional Drums by JPEGMAFIA

[Chorus]

This hoe told me I'm a dog because all my bitches say/ I can't even fake this shit, I can't be no basic bitch/ On my knees in front of God, but I'm not even saved/ I can keep no secrets, baby don't even speak it

[Verse 1]

WALK IN that bitch, aye/ Stick a fork in that bitch, aye/ I'm lit, I'm not gonna lie/ The switch was cheaper wine/ My hips be keeping the fire/ Your misses be missing my lies/ I switched from suit to goth to a dime/ The wrist do flips to keep her enticed

[Chorus]

This hoe told me I'm a dog because all my bitches say/ I can't fake this shit, I can't be no basic bitch/ On my knees in front of God, but I'm not even faithful/ I can keep no secret, baby don't even speak it

[Verse 2]

I cannot take niggas faking like this/ They never met me but be on my dick/ How you don't care but you got an…/ How you don't care but you got an opinion/ Smoking your fav, like I'm taking a swig/ Hating for free but you can't pay your rent/ If you gonna dick ride, make it make cents/ If you just gon' wave bye, don't diss then/ I can count all my industry friends on one hand/ And my niggas, they be in demand/ Private school rappers don't know what it is/ If I show you Drake, I ain't playing with kids/ You niggas loop it and leave it/ I'm never repeating/ That bullshit ain't worth leaking/ Hit the deck, these niggas hit the deck/ Ain't on shit, these niggas ain't on shit/ Fuck that bitch, I'ma say fuck that bitch/ Too cold at this, I'm too cold at this

[Bridge]

Real niggas do real things/ Hoes wanna fuck on a nigga for some change/ Anybody try me, I'ma make a stain/ Anybody try me, I'ma make a stain

"New Black History (feat. Vince Staples)"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA, Vince Staples
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Synths by JPEGMAFIA
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Programming by JPEGMAFIA
Ending Production by JPEGMAFIA & Flume

VS **[Verse 1]**

Let's resume/ Walk light when the elephant is in the room/ Porsche trunk hold whatever niggas need to boombaye/ But the squabble will be over soon/ I say what I do and I mean what I wanna do, these are my gangsta chronicles/ I'm the god MC, I'm the tried and true/ Try and you dream in the ICU/ Time to show and prove, I guess/ Time to bust a new move, I guess/ Scrolling through the tube at K West/ Seen myself on the news, so blessed/ Dudes don't get this good till they death/ Rugs from Italy, must be kidding me/ NSLB aborigines, can't get rid of me/ We black history

JP **[Verse 2]**

When I come around better stare at the floor, bitch/ Because I'm in that mode/ On my own/ I got that flavor/ Jonathan Major/ Paper/ Especially when y'all cashing out/ For the PDF & rappers, no Drizzy/ I hope y'all paying attention, no really/ I die and kill myself, tell 'em they killed me

I'm in a rush to fuck up/ Y'all wish I'd use my background as a crutch/ Y'all wish I kept on eating prison lunch/ Because I'm tweeting too much/ Keeping it G is a must/ These rappers fell off/ They in stasis/ Making statements/ They status is peeing cups/ Ain't nobody freer than us/ I'm here for that money like/ I'm CM Punk

"CULT STATUS"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA & Flume
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Programming by JPEGMAFIA & Flume

[Chorus]

This is cult status/ You dealin' with known addicts/ American made choppas/ You beefin', we split ya cabbage/ Standin' next to the stars/ It's funny, 'cause you an asterisk/ When you break up with ya hoe, we gon' pin that bitch to the mattress

Bitch niggas be thinkin' they jokes be hittin', they be straining/ I can't be seen with you worm niggas, y'all need training/ Born into money, got more money, then start complainin'/ Shoulda kept it online or end up in terminal condition

[Verse 1]

Pegg in his new bag, tell me who bad,/ Before we gettin' wavy, let's start with something for the durags/ Ain't seen a barbershop, where Cube at?/ And if I gotta push it to the edge, you're getting lined up wit a new tag/ bitch

They send shots/ then act surprised when they get grazed/ Run to the internet, they'll believe you/ you'll get glazed/ I seen your splits, bitch, shit talk don't pay/ Unless you are good enough to shit talk your way to YE

The rush from proving you wrong, nothing above it/ Looked at my family tree and said sleep is my favorite cousin/ My rewards don't come from awards, you niggas bored/ My percentage is the number like QWERTY keyboards

How in the fuck is niggas talking about my fits ain't clean?/ Pray to the almighty Sosa and DJ Scream/ Now look, it's critical/ I flip a sample like Bobby Digital/ Money over bitches/ Cuz bitches they come in intervals

[Chorus]

This is cult status/ You dealin' with known addicts/ American made choppas/ You beefin', we split ya cabbage/ Standin' next to the stars/ It's funny, 'cause you an asterisk/ When you break up with ya hoe, we gon' pin that bitch to the mattress

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"CULT STATUS" (cont'd)

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[Chorus, Continued]

Bitch niggas be thinkin' they jokes be hittin', they be straining/ I can't be seen with you worm niggas, y'all need training/ Born into money, got more money, then start complainin'/ Shoulda kept it online or end up in terminal condition

[Verse 2]

Since Pitchfork fell off, the yuppies been going through it/ Gossiping like some bitches and playing catch up in music/ Rapping like backpackers, don't sell no more, it's confusing/ That crack be hitting like Whitney/ I'm pistol packing in Houston/

She caught me jerk eating at that Jamaican spot/ Can't wait to pop, I park a big body in ya vacant lot/ Best production ~ you don't say me, I tell a hater stop/ But when you El Presidente/ niggas debate a lot

[Outro]

We on the road/ It's all the time/ We outta line/ With it/
I keep the switch up in the pistol for the crime business/ Don't give a fuck about no time difference/ FR

Potato on the barrel, make it eat the hash wit it/ Brought in the dame to Roc-A-Fella, but I dashed with it/Pray to the Mafia, we tax different/ FR

"don't rely on other men (album)"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA, FREAKYMAFIACULT
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Programming by JPEGMAFIA
Guitar by Alex Goldblatt
Additional Guitar by JPEGMAFIA
String Arrangements by Aver Ray
Synths by JPEGMAFIA

[Verse 1]

I had to get on my Pac shit, I don't wanna start shit/ These rappers is regular food/ I bought my bitch some compartments/ She thicker than Cartman, she can't fuck no regular dude/ (Did you go dumb?

[Chorus]

Ugh, say that/ Ugh, say that/ Wanna cry on the
bus or a Maybach?/ If you hate me, my nigga,
just say that/ (Did you go dumb?)

[Verse 2]

I don't know who told these wiggas that actin' like niggas/ Was ever a vibe or a mood/ You know that I know that really ain't you/ Cuz the blacker the image, the whiter the roots/ nigga

[Chorus]

Ugh, say that/ Ugh, say that/ Wanna cry on the
bus or a Maybach?/ If you hate me, my nigga,
just say that/ (Did you go dumb?)

[Verse 3]

We can take shit the veteran way/ The Kimber, the Glock, the miniature Drake/ Ain't going nowhere, I be right in they face/ Make your shorty give neck till her neck in brace

[Chorus]

Ugh, say that/ Ugh, say that/ Wanna cry on the
bus or a Maybach?/ If you hate me, my nigga,
just say that/ (Did you go dumb?)

[Verse 4]

Just to be clear, I'm a cornerback/ We push through on that pass, make you fumble that/ I'm on that LT, set it up with smack/ Back to back on these bars like some battle raps/ You ain't slinging the rock like Candlemass/ Need to stay with your crib with your gamer pass

[Chorus]

Wanna cry on a bus or a Maybach?/ If you hate
me, well, my nigga, just say that

...

"don't rely on other men (album)" (cont'd)

...

[Verse 5]

his how I run when I give it up/ I pray to Allah, Exo/ I let that K-pop, put that on my soul (X4)/ If the cops come around, no sé qué pasó/ Cut your head off like I'm Sinaloa/ The shoe fits on you, then you Cinderella/ First one act an ass, we gonna pin the tail/ I'm fucking that hoe, bitch, she Donatella/ Be for real/ I pray to Allah, Exo/ I let that K-pop, put that on my soul (X2)

[Outro]

Down

"COKE OR DOPE?"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA & DATPIFFMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Guitar by JPEGMAFIA
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Programming by JPEGMAFIA

[Verse 1]

I keep my front toward the enemy/ Like claymines/ Pass him burner and light him up/ I feel like draymond / Bitch All of my wirttens / Are a hate crime/ I dont take breaks/ Unless im fucking up main one/ You ricky lake / You talk about it / But you aint one/ I caught a case / Beating my neighbor / On his own lawn/ He a bitch/ Smoking on grief, that getty green mendicino farms/ I gotta reach to teach a nigga that bear arms/ Peggy lui kang / They try kick it but they Fei long/ Fuck is you doing/ Man Fuck all u rappers / i tell your main bitch/ I hate your songs/ Cease and desist / Because your bitch/ Now your bitch gone/ Internet niggas be / loud, lame rich & wrong/ Y'all can't fuck with where my range is/ Beats be absolutely dangerous/ At your shows there's no attendance/ Your not even worth a mention/ To anybody Worth a mention/ Theres levels

[Bridge]

Back in New York/ Back in the fort/ I'm back with the band/ Jump out the house / Jump off the porch/ With the 30 in hand/ Sue me for libel / I bet you i'm libel / To say it again/ When i come around / They be quiet / I leave they be talking again/ Fuck yall hoes / I know I ain't shit id rather get banned / If Im in club then i'm gripping my 30 / i don't wanna dance/ Bitch woke up early to hate/ You don't even do this for your man/ Paying the price for the fame/ I'll never be normal again

[Verse 2]

Change my twitter pic they say I gave my X a facelift/ clippers in my hand/ who im tryna fade wit// I put him right through the wall he can phase shift/ With a Scope on it I can knock a Martian out a spaceship/ Baldhead march like its fresh out of basic/ Red eye on the third eye I did lasik (bar is cut off on song) / Bigger than who / Baby the 5'9 goat/ Sick as flu/ Flow is a whole new dose/ Im fucking your bitch/ And i gave her whole new goals/ Flash him the burner / Tell him his parents / Ain't broke/ inhale indica / Exhale dope/ Cant stop wont stop / I am not Trudeau/ Crackers want you where there at / So they can act that they know/ I'm so terminally online goddamn i need to check myself/ Im so terminally godamn i don't respect myself

"vulgar display of power"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Guitar by JPEGMAFIA
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Keyboard by JPEGMAFIA
Programming by JPEGMAFIA
Guitar Solo 2nd Verse by Alex Goldblatt

[Verse 1]

Shorty fucking rappers now / She said she need low dose / Ima take kolonopin and mix it with the nodos / 0 fear in me / Got it tatted on my torso / Niggas be hating for free / And then talking about it like they forced you / Fuck up out my dms nigga / I cannot endorse u / The only time I fuck with amateurs / Is if it's porno / Bitch / HUH / I bring the pain / I bring the pain / I want respect / Hoe keep the change / Im at your neck / Don't speak my name / I jug and finesse the game / Go go go / I will not fall / Go go go / I will not fall / Shorty wanna kick masochist / Showed her who I am / And now she kicking with an activist / Inside Malcolm / With the soul of ratchet bitch / Stashed away that mini-moog / & brushed up on my mandarin / You a lapsed fan / And I hope you never stan again / Cause all my enemies is in jeopardy better phone a friend / Bitch / I bring the pain / I bring the pain / I want respect / Hoe keep the change / Im at your neck / Don't speak my name / I jug and finesse the game / Go go go / I will not fall / Go go go / I will not fall

"Exmilitary"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Written by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Guitar by JPEGMAFIA
Drums by JPEGMAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA
Programming by JPEGMAFIA
String Arrangements by JPEGMAFIA & Aver Ray

[Verse 1]

I heard you got dirt on me / my country encouraged / I just bought a 30 piece / I just bought a 30 piece / My famo discouraged me / My exes threw dirt on me / Pistol wrapped in dirty sheets / Pistol wrapped in dirty sheets / I might scratch some numbers off / But I don't play no lottery / I mighta broke your homegirl off / But you ain't gotta unfollow me / I got ex-friends know my numbers / And still turned me / I'm her ex-man but she pretend / She never heard of me / Hoe, watch what u say / Lie on my name / That there is perjury / Feels like / You living up there with uncertainty / I promise before you go / I won't address you personally / But when them boys get to it / They gonna do it to you purposely / Ebrahim Raisi in the heli feeling foggyish / Money, money, money / It make me feel like I'm targeted / Blowing up like I'm IDF Netty / Warrants ain't stopping shit / Is you Harvey, Jeffrey, or R. Kelly / Or is you opposite / Say that shit / Say that shit / Say that shit / Say that shit

[Verse 2]

Pass the rock / I'm open again / Pass the point of posting my friends / Tell what you gonna do with that rock / I hit the lab, got to cooking again / Why go for heaven / I'm dripping in sin / Why fuck on her / I could fuck on her friend / Most of you niggas can't fuck with my pen / Pocket rocket on me, Invader Zim / You niggas really be scaring the hoes / I scare the bros that don't got no black friends / They say sobriety gives you a lens / But all I see is niggas playing pretend / You niggas bitches and need an assist / I'm running the game and I love when you brick / I'm Luka, bitch, I'm not gonna miss / Ya hoe all tongue like the nigga from KISS / Free my BM, she ain't do shit / Packing you up / Send you back to your ends / Dead in the water / You swimming with sharks / DM ya bitch and play that hoe like a harp / Took yo bitch shopping, ho check out my cart / Switch up the energy, cover the scars / I pledge allegiance, my hand over heart / I pledge allegiance, my hand over heart

[Verse 3]

I pledge allegiance, my niggas, my hoes, my bitches and me / Every morning I get down on my knees for a god that I can't see / Every tweet it come with a cost / Every enemy paint them as soft / If you break up, delete it or crop / Fuck my ex and fuck every cop

...

"Exmilitary" (cont'd)

...

Nepo baby shit / These bitch niggas always got they hand out / Bitch-ass niggas be down for the slide / Then they cry when they see a man down / Huh! / Bitch, I'm not just throwing paint at the wall / I don't do nothing ball / I can't be racist / I'm chasing a payment / And spending white faces / On weapons of war / Huh! / This an official decision / I don't give a fuck / I'm on the cusp / I'm on a mission / Dressed like a mortician / I'm spitting harder / Than them rapists you bump / Cap on his calendar / Niggas need silencers / Stop looping vinyl / We don't wanna hear dust / Humble's a challenge / It's hard to keep balance / I'm selling to birds / And I'm feeding my cubs / Some of you niggas grew up in castles / Acting like life is a hassle / I'll take a nigga talking shit down to backroad / Peggy live life in the backrooms / Huh! / I ain't born rich / No pots to piss / I make one flick / That's over, that's it / The lies don't stick / Narratives ain't fitting / Now they gotta pivot / The goalpost shifts / Run it up / Run it up / Running my bitches crazy / Counting up / Counting up / All this bread and woo! / Fuck who y'all think is the champ / I treat the belt like it's vacant!

"JPEGULTRA! (feat. Denzel Curry)"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Kenny Beats, Alex Goldblatt, Aver Ray & Nick Lee
Written by JPEGMAFIA, Denzel Curry, Kenny Beats, Alex Goldblatt, Aver Ray & Nick Lee
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker, Programming by JPEGMAFIA, Drums by JPEGMAFIA & Kenny Beats, Guitar by Alex Goldblatt, Bass by Alex Goldblatt & Nick Lee, Piano by Nick Lee, Horns by Nick Lee, String Arrangements by Aver Ray, Additional Guitar by JPEGMAFIA

DZ **[Verse 1]**

Ok so I got to be rude/ No matter which you go you'll/ Still be a square like a Rubik's Cube/ ZELTRON nigga I am that dude/ Me and JP going A P E/ So I got monkey bars but this ain't P E/ Everybody said I got A D D/ But it never add up/ Ima count past 3/ Matter fact 1/ All of this/ Devilish heat/ From D the MC/ Bet it's guaranteed to make a Rev/ Run/ Knee high jump/ Better get far or it's T I stomp/ South Florida nigga/ But a North Dade/ This year ima be a too paid nigga/ Knocking off the top that's a toupee/ Nigga/ Ima tsunami to new wave niggas/ Most of your members will be dismembered/ When you fall off bitch I'm yelling out timber/ You couldn't fuck with me if I Tinder/ Last name Curry and the C for charisma/ Somebody Street Fighter 6 on/ My neck bet these niggas never do it like/ This/ Got a brand new all gold Shin Akuma/ Hanging down from my neck to my dick/

JP **[Verse 2]**

Niggas be begging for shit to be different / Until they get it then they treat it indifferent / People projecting they bullshit on u / Because they Dissatisfied with the life that they living / Niggas net worth be like 17 bucks / While they begging for feet pics / From shortys I been with / I can sniff out you proximity hoes / Always near some shit going on / But never did it / I don't understand when people talk shit on me / They have to lead with a lie / Or some fibbing / Friends acting like they don't wanna talk / Then start begging for change / I don't know what it's giving / Niggas be trying to fuck on ya bitch / While they dapping you up / Saying I see your vision / Fake friends turning on me for nothing / They mad because they failed / Even with an advantage

[Verse 3]

This is my fight, I just woke up as a child of the light / Jumped on the beat had to tell it goodnight / Y'all tried ya best but ain't hittin' it right / Kimber OG I'm as high as a kite / Shot for success well I brought me a pint / Watch how I whip I ain't' stir-fry to rice / Get your head cracked just for rollin the dice / Now Don't believe hype / Believe what you see / Not what's said on the mic / Peggy Chun Li / I kick out every time / Can't keep me down / So They try block the shine / Try fuck with my money / Try to fuck with my mind / Then acting like / Fucking they / Bitch is a crime / This ain't relatable / This ain't debatable / Something happened to you / It's by design

...

"JPEGULTRA! (feat. Denzel Curry)" (cont'd)

...

[Verse 4]

On my knees for a god who can hear / I can't pray to no god I can't fear / I think I should've ran me a cult / Quarterback that hoe / Like I'm Peyton on Colts / Fuck niggas yapping bout me / On they alt / But When I see you / It's degrees off assault / You said when you see him you catching a case / Hope not like the one u got in your vault / Because that shit is shaky / Heard the church service said come as you are / So I showed up with a whole bunch of bitches that hate me / Told my main bitch stop acting expensive / Girl pass me the mic you ass clueless as Stacy / I know that time heals wounds / But my time is money / And I can't use time as saline / Pray / For all my enemies / They either dead or hating / Literally faking / Lame ass niggas get exposed everyday / I don't gotta do nothing more than frustrate him / He not a threat bitch I'm armed / Ima vet / I hit marksman in basic / I never need training

[Verse 5]

They make a career from hating / They make a career from faking / I shit talked my way / Right into a bag / You pussy in private / Begging him for collabs / You pillow talking to these bitches it's sad / I don't whether to slap / Or laugh / Shower posse / Give that baby / A bath / I know your label saw a cash grab / You got popped / Then turned a hashtag / Stop yappin' online / Because you know where I'm at lil bitch

"i lay down my life for you (feat. Buzzy Lee)"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA & Buzzy Lee, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA,
Mastered by Dale Becker, Vocal Arrangements by Buzzy Lee & JPEGMAFIA, Guitar by Alex Goldblatt,
Bass by JPEGMAFIA, Synths by JPEGMAFIA, String Arrangements by Aver Ray

JP [Verse 1]

How do I make this bitch my main / And not just on the side / I tell a basic bitch you plain / Girl, I want animal fries / I told a Christian girl / You can't just pray / He wants you to try / I told a stripper / I can't log off bitch, I love the hate / I told this one girl / All my secrets / That was a big mistake / This one girl had caught me cheating / I ain't know what to say /Man these bitches / See right through me / Still wanna swing my way / She said you don't love him / She gonna dump him / Finna make we a thing / Been fucking his bitch / For years / It's a side bitch anniversary /I gotta make an assist / I gotta get off a shot in this bitch / Look at the neck and the wrist / These niggas wish they / Was as famous as this / Broke up with a toxic bitch / Start fucking on all her enemies / **** / **** San Jose / I saw my ex got married today / Had to congratulate / I know this one bitch out in Cali / She still mad at me / I had your girl in Berlin / Fucking on me like everyday / I know this light skin girl / Fuck with this one nigga that I hate / Fell in love with a groupie once / Had to stop that shit immediately / I knew this lesbian girl/ That swear she got some beef with me / She don't get quiet / I swear this bitch be talking constantly / Man fuck them hoes / I need a bitch that's gonna die for me / If you ain't sliding / Then you hiding / You won't ride for me / And when I say I love you / Know it's not no lie / From me

BL [Verse 2]

+ JP I went over the same / Writings on the tape / I got over the game / I do more than mend /I just wanna be laid / Taut on the hillside / Take me to a real life / I just wanna be fed / Take me to another place

Told you I got to go / In a minute someone else is here / In a minute something else is real / I go to get / A telephone / To call you home / I don't wanna serve my body on a shell / I just wanna leave it rising on your chain

"Boy You Should Know!"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker, Guitar by JPEGMAFIA, Bass by JPEGMAFIA, Flute by JPEGMAFIA, Keyboard by JPEGMAFIA, Piano by JPEGMAFIA, Programming by JPEGMAFIA, Mono synth by JPEGMAFIA, Drums by JPEGMAFIA

I. [Verse 1]

Be careful/ You playing with fire/ Don't get burned bitch/ Light this bitch on fire/ I can't remember the shit that I did/ So I didn't do shit/ Back in this bitch with the Kimber/ A mafia member/ Go Twista when she getting to spitting/ Aye/ Hand to hand boy it's crack out the kitchen/ I don't give a fuck what u pitching/ Aye, Aye/ That shit isn't hitting/ The way that you stream/ You better keep swimming/ Oxycontin, percy, benzos/ Trazadone coke & DMT/ Molly, acid, fenty, K2/ Nicotine, meth and GHBs/ Codeine, heroin, oxycode/ Nitris ox and PCP/ If I put all these things in me/ I feel like I'm AI me/ You bitches want the smoke I'm open late like Taco Bell Cantina/ All of that weight that come out your mouth thought you would be realer/ I seen your deals and you getting fucked/ Like Tila Tequila/ First you ain't succeed/ But you still gonna fail/ Because you ain't Aaliyah bitch/

[Verse 2]

Now who I'm is hoe/ That boy PEG/ Big back flow/ Like I been rapping on PEDs/ I leave a handprint on your bitch/ That bitch still rocking bikinis/ Nigga be waiting outside my hotel/ Like they fuck with Luigi/ The choppa raise you out ya chair/ Like you must got the wrong seating/These niggas be growing up guns n roses/ They ain't grew up with seasoning/ Them MLK fans cooled my face/ Now I dress like I been preaching/~ Bitch throw hands up/ How we gonna feed these streets?/ How we gonna make these beats?/ Where we gonna sleep?/ Where we gonna eat?/ Stuck in the past/ But right now/ How we gonna lead?/ How we gonna pay these fees?/ Niggas be cop outs/ When I get hostile/ They switch tones/ Start copping pleas/ Niggas

II. [Verse 1]

Winter is coming I aim at ya dome in a storm as a blizzard rain into ya shit/ All kinds of bodies I'm Kimbering shit/ Better act like you remember and shit/ Pull out the Draco I wanted the belt don't you make me number one contender your shit/ I been the truth y'all been sleep with liars/ Anything else been absolutely fire/ Y'all niggas sing with the choir/ The, 9 get to kicking or I get to whipping wit the butt like cooking wit Kya/ I been lit since my existence, y'all gotta get off of my dick/ Hate it or love it it's Gabby Douglas, nigga been setting shit off wit the flip/ Just got a couple new grips and that statement is plural/ Respectfully gift up the pearls/ Niggas be thinking it's sweet til they wake up in the upper room and I gave the referral/ Boom, nigga mi into this bitch/ Y'all niggas living that gimmicky shit/ Talking that titan that Kennedy shit/ Top peeled back that Kennedy shit/ Aye fuck the DEA forever/ They put taps on my phone/ So what you saying?/ I'm saying Trump put income tax in my home/ So what u paying?/ I pay grip/ I used to pay payday loans/ Why they complaining/ We made a grip/ They had a grip out the womb/ That's entertaining/ Feel like a 6ixer/ Finna raid up the pharmacies/ They made you famous/ I tell the truth/ Most y'all bitch made/ And performative/ So what are they doing?/ Pretending to care about shit/ Never leaving they premises/ So what's gonna happen?/ It's like the clap/ Just wait one week/ Then it's over with/ Shit ain't been the same since 2020/ When COVID hit/ It's never been true

"either on or off drugs"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker
Guitar by Alex Goldblatt, String Arrangment by Aver Ray, Additional Synths by JPEGMAFIA

[Verse 1]
I ain't really into flashing/ I feel like an accident/ I'm never chose/ They be ducking points for passion/ I feel really like it's corny/ If you ain't code/ Niggas be on my dick for nothing/ I be like, what happened to these niggas bro/ Like niggas be really going through it/ But there a better way to let the people know/ People say I'm never present/ I ain't messy/ I'm just focused on the goals/ Because either on or off the drugs/ My energy is Tony powdering his nose/ And either on or off the drugs/ My energy is/ Don Magic, with the hoes/ Because been boxing with the drugs/ I got a good chin/ Like James Toney/ Niggas be putting ya boy in box/ They be acting like cops/ I could never be phony/ She be acting thot/ Hope it's all act/ Because she deserves a Tony/ And either on or off the drugs/ K-hole or buzzed/ I cannot atone/ Because either on or off the drugs/ Her voice plays in my ear/ Like I'm on hold

The first one was good with the beats/ The second one put me in the deep/ The third one was sick no disease/ 4th I had to rush to completion

I don't have no base it's not a secret/ Ain't no happy house we taking beatings/ The streets and my mind is filled with demons/ That's why I be eating these bitches/ Like Sara and Tegan/ Because distractions hitting every season/ These niggas just for rhyme no reason/ It's not just a facade that I can see/ Or stand up for I don't believe/ I'm Michael Jackson dancing in the mirror/ The only one who can't see me is me/ The only one who can beat me is me/ Warrior I'm CP3 (outdated bar)/ When I see you it's TTG/ Fuck em/ We don't know EBT/ No c-notes 100k tweets/ God I pray son don't be this weak/ God I pray my daughter don't be this weak/ Fuck

[Verse 2]
Some of you niggas be talking/ Right out of the side of your neck/ I can't believe that they be gassing these lil hoes/ Some of these niggas be sitting/ Around all day/ Hating on niggas they never met/ I just feel sad for you lil bro/ Baby you know when wilding out I make a mess/ I keep the cannon like Nick put my bitch vest/ What did that last one contribute but pussy and stress?/ Nothing

"loop it and leave it"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker,
Bass by JPEGMAFIA, Synths by JPEGMAFIA, String Arrangment by Aver Ray

[Verse 1]

Yea I know I got scuffles ahead of me/ When I'm speaking my mind it's unsettling/ I know liberal feelings is delicate/ Fly the plane when you feed 'em they medicine/ Got the doctors prescribing us ketamine/ Because it's more than these shadows I'm wrestling/ Drape my bitches in Dior she decadent/ Work so much you think JPEG was Mexican/ They still thinking that Peggy a joke/ Got procedures in place for the heckling/ When they wanna sneak diss they say "veteran"

I'm like Kelly, Beyoncé, Michelle/ Say my name, or I can't really tell/ Niggas rap like they casting a spell/ Niggas vague my presence is felt/ I'm direct they go everywhere else/ I been ratchet since Kenan and Kel/ Don't know who you are be someone else/ Don't just copy me bitch be yourself/ When you got it they hate you or steal/ They gon' laugh every time that you rap/ Till them raps start paying they bills

[Verse 2]

.45 on the hip/ Ready, pronto/ Two cups champagne and a rhino/ Weapons registered ready to unload/ We don't use it, we beat him like Harpo/ All my bitches in love with the coco/ Got my side sniffing Jack Harlow/ All my bad hoes bringing that work home/ Straight to my gamer chair/ 5'9 knocking down hoes/ As tall as Angel Reese I don't care/ Hoe don't read my sign/ I know I ain't shit, let's not even go there/ Heard you fucking my bitch/ I fucked yours too let's keep that shit square/ Aye/ Ball on me/ Aye/ Crawl back on me/ Aye/ Put it all on me/ Babe

"Don't Put Anything On The Bible (feat. Buzzy Lee)"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by Buzzy Lee & JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker, Vocal Arrangements by Buzzy Lee & JPEGMAFIA, Guitar by Alex Goldblatt,
Synths by JPEGMAFIA, Bass by JPEGMAFIA, String Arrangment by Aver Ray
Additional Guitar by JPEGMAFIA

BL [Verse 1]

I should've held my tongue/ I shouldn't have kept it going/ I want a love like water through me/ I should have poured my honey slowly/ Wash it away my Rorschach Rorschach/ Wash it away my Rorschach Rorschach/ Like hell my hands will give up to twenty times/ My heart will give up too many times/ Luck's fallen I've seen it/ My intrusion there's a limit I can take/ And I'm crawling out/ I'm a loner/ I'm a loser stuck at home/ I'm above her/ I'm a winner/ Try me on/ For size/ I want you back in my head/ For size/ I want you back in my bed

JP [Verse 2]

Fuck out the deep end go get you a float, uhh/ Y'all niggas always be doin' the most/ Black Michael Phelps just acknowledge the stroke/ God level Libra I swim wit a ghost/ I switch the channel then lost the remote/ She for the world belongs to the globe/ Gaslighting is popular learn how to cope/ Actin' like hoes/ I throw these bands/ She hit the floor/ Let's get it

Everyday people push me past the limit/ Men only know suppressing what we feeling/ I used to work for pennies on a minute/ Hunger from struggle state it because I live it/ Worked on muscle flex on all you bitches/ But I can't defend this bitch up in the mirror/ I rather ask forgiveness than permission/ Undo that cap you can't restore the feeling

And I never chill because y'all really want a nigga broke/ Like fuck the excuses/ But y'all really eat off of toxic narratives and jokes/ Like friends they past, & some opportunities never come back/ If I don't know nothing, know one thing is set/ Never react to the demographic/ With the swag of a cashier at Radio Shack,/ Talkin' to Zo like when we start runnin' we ain't finna look back/ New niggas makin' it trendy to trauma bond/ Self oppression it's deeper than rap

"i recovered from this"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker,
Guitar by Alex Goldblatt & JPEGMAFIA, Vocal Arrangement by Members of the MAFIA
Bass by JPEGMAFIA, String Arrangment by Aver Ray

[Chorus]

It's not that I don't love my bitch/ But I don't love these side hoes neither/ She throwing that shit back at me and I'm catching it like I'm a wide receiver/I know these rappers you fucking/ Ain't hitting it right/ I'm Derek Jeter/ Heart on my sleeve/ & cash in my fist/ Chase a dream/ Man do not chase a bitch/ I can't believe that this hoe got me breaking down/ Breaking like this

[Verse 1]

My bitch never got taken from me/ I lost her myself/ My bitch never got comfort from me/ I needed too much help/ I can't do hour a week/ I think I need more help/ I don't even want no more fixing/ I just heal myself/ Who's gonna be there when you're low bitch/ You or somebody else/ My actions got way too active/ I don't want no more help/ One hour a week/ Ain't enough for me/ I think I need a friend/ Everyone that I ever dated deserves better men/ I could have wrote this when I'm faded/ But alcohol gives you a lens/ When I'm speaking my mind/ I'm on demonic time/ I got family and fences to mend/ Every argument comes with a cost/ Every dub ends up in a loss/ Gotta keep the facade of a boss/ Every picture developed is tossed/ I know bitches that I'll never talk to/ I got exes I'm still fucking raw/ I been stuck in the car with the child lock/ Tryna break out and answer the call/ Can you hear it/ Actual love/ Actual heart/ Actual caring/Niggas get mad at me when I call out they hating/ Cause they hating/ No debating/ All on my dick/ And you know we ain't dating/ Bitch nigga let's face it/ We came up out the mud/ Still got dirt on our faces/ Now we counting blue faces/ White girl slide down the pole/ While I'm throwing her faces/ I could never be racist

[Chorus]

It's not that I don't love my bitch/ But I don't love these side hoes neither/ She throwing that shit back at me and I'm catching it like I'm a wide receiver/ I know these rappers you fucking/ Ain't hitting it right/ I'm Derek Jeter/ Heart on my sleeve/ & cash in my fist/ Chase a dream/ Man do not chase a bitch/ I can't believe that this hoe got me breaking down/ Breaking like this

"ALLAH"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker, Keyboards by JPEGMAFIA, Synths by JPEGMAFIA, Programming by JPEGMAFIA, Guitar by Alex Goldblatt, Additional Guitar by JPEGMAFIA, Bass by JPEGMAFIA

[Verse 1]

And you know that I pray every day Lord I feel so exhausted/ Put my hands in my face/ Pray I'm safe/ Pray I grow and accomplish/ Par-asocial and crazy/ Lord I pray that these weirdos/ Don't start shit/ On my knees/ When I pray/ Otherwise it don't/ It count in my conscious/ Put my hands to sky/ I can't see Him/ But He's still my accomplice/ You step up to the sword/ Then die, by the steel it forged with/ I'm at peace in my core/ When they lie/ Makes me feel so important

[Chorus]

Pray/ Every day that wake/ It's a gift/ Know some sons don't see mourning/ Pray/ They been praying for peace/ Ain't no peace/ When you paid for the bombing/ Pray/ How can I pray for you?/ When you pray that I lie coffin/ Pray/ For these

[Verse 2]

I'm on knees/ For a god/ That can't even see/ 3 AM in the Chi/ With yo ex/ I made her believe/ They got secrets/ To hide/ They just praying/ That nobody sees/ She on her knees/ For a man that/ She ain't even seeing

Pray

"What the hip hop hell is this?"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker,
Programming by JPEGMAFIA, Bass by JPEGMAFIA, Keyboards by JPEGMAFIA

[Chorus]

Lately, every word that come out my mouth get fired straight from the hip/ I've been living on Colored People time, I'm getting there when I get/ Lately, I've been trying not to go outside, I hate how people get (Get)/ What was your past rate?/ You keep cheating? We might have to castrate/ What the f-/ Where's the hits?/ Yeah I heard all your beats, wheres the hits/ I can't argue with talent & lists (Uh-Uh)/ What the hip-hop hell is this?/ Oh you mad, you not on some lists?/ Bitch, Malcolm ain't die for this shit (Come on)

[Verse 1]

Uh, Shake it, Shake it, Shake it, Shake it, Shake that shit (Ayy)/ You tried to swing and you- (Uh, uh)/ Ain't make that shit/ Every shot that you take is a brick (It's a brick!)/ Every brick that you lay is a miss (It's a miss!)/ Niggas wearing your house on they wrist (On they wrist!)/ Bet the house you ain't touching shit/ Pay your rent, get off of my dick, bitch (Yeah)

[Verse 2]

Lately, I've been trying not to go outside, I'm still not doing shit/ Layin' the Smackdown on jabronis 'cause they not followin' the script/ When it comes to getting this money (Uh, uh), I'm aimin' for that white like I'm Twigs/ Told this white girl that I'm scared (Let's go!)/ Niggas that grew up around crackers they whole life turn 20 and go hotel as shit (It's facts!)/ It's a trip/ Oh you mad, you not grammy picked? (Grammy picked!)/ You're still sad, you not on some lists (On some lists!)/ What the hip-hop hell is this?/ Bitch, Malcolm ain't die for this shit (Uh-uh)/ Marcus ain't die for this shit/ Rosa ain't sit for you bitch (Shake it, shake it, shake it)/ Lately, I've been letting these rappers talk these niggas sound like some skits (Surprise, nigga!)/ In the suburbs watching 10-90 Jake and lyin' bout who they is/ Let's just get this clear one of you bastards touch me, you dyin' right where you is/ I'm a self-defense specialist/ Get your brains blue like a cr-/ Like a crip

[Pre-Chorus]

Oh you mad, you not getting rich?/ You still sad, you not making hits?/ What the hip-hop hell is this?/ Bitch, Malcolm ain't die for this shit (Uh-uh)/ Martin ain't die for this shit (Bitch)

[Chorus]

Lately, every word that come out my mouth been fired straight from the hip (The hip)/ I've been living on Colored People time, I'm getting there when I get (When I get)/ Lately, I've been trying not to go outside, I hate how people get (Get)/ What was your past rate? (Uh)/ You keep cheating? We might have to castrate/ What the f-/ Where's the hits?/ Yeah I heard all your beats, where's the hits/ I can't argue with talent & lists/ What the hip-hop hell is this?

[Verse 3]

Bitch, Malcolm ain't die for this shit (Uh-uh)/ Martin ain't die for this shit/ Rosa ain't sit for you bitch/ Man, Thomas ain't die for this shit/ Man, Huey ain't die for this shit/ Man, Nanny ain't die for this shit/ John Brown ain't die for this shit/ Like Sojourner the truth in this bitch

"Come & Get Me"

Produced by JPEGMAFIA, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by JPEGMAFIA, Programming by JPEGMAFIA, String arrangement by JPEGMAFIA, Guitar by Alex Goldblatt, Bass by JPEGMAFIA

I. [Verse 1]

Walk in the booth/ I'm on your head/ Bitch you're dead/ Paid for my dreads/ Wasn't gonna be one joke told/ Till I found out you fed/ Bitch nigga showed me once/ If you get lumped/ Don't worry about no revenge/ No get back just gotta get back/ To shaking that ass/ Niggas hear beats/ They can't make/ And then call it Geometry Dash/ Meanwhile the shit/ That y'all making is simple/ It's simply trash/ I get to whipping that white bitch/ Like she ain't got no dad/ I used to rob white boys after school/ To pay for gas/ Fuck these bums/ These niggas dress/ Like they ain't got no dad/ Niggas online just be snitching for nothing/ The shit kinda sad/ Detective ass niggas/ I call 'em Columbo/ They know where you at/ They got the time and place and the make/ And the rounds in the Gat/ They thinking nobody spin on these/ Crackers that shit make me laugh/ White boys be copying slang/ And be thinking that shit make 'em black/ White boys be copying slang/ And then thinking/ This shit make me slay/ All of that shit that you/ Copying I think that shit/ Make you fake/ Started last year on my shit/ Turned a tweet to residual pay bitch/ Come on

II. [Verse 1]

Homie, pussy ass nigga, fuck that talkin', show me/ Talkin' behind my back just like some hoes be/ Nigga, you ain't my fam, you can't big bro me/ Wifin' up IG hoes like jabronis/ They say at the top it get so lonely, but I've been an OG/ Slowly, I don't give a fuck about nothin', you can't ho me/ I was at the château, feelin' lonely/ It was just me, my Kimber and my homies (Bitch, you gotta show me)/ It's young Peggy and I'm too legit/ Something switched, and I must confess/ I love Hollywood and fake tits/ I love when racists call me racist/ I'm a slut, I'm a petty bitch/ Something switched, and they noticed it/ I love material things and fake shit/ I love when racists call me racist

"Bloodline Freestyle (2022 Demo)

Produced by JPEGMAFIA & Alex Goldblatt, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA, Mastered by Dale Becker, Guitar by Alex Goldblatt, Bass by Alex Goldblatt, Programming by JPEGMAFIA, Additional Bass Programming by JPEGMAFIA

[Chorus]

Not gonna lie, I woke up and I'm feelin' Roman, y'all better acknowledge it/ Not gon' lie, flow so old but a nigga so cold that he fucked on and polished it (Yeah)/ Not gonna lie, when I turn on these sessions, I feel like I stepped in my bag/ Not gon' lie, when I turned on yo album, I feel like I stepped in some trash

[Verse 1]

Doodie, ass/ Label better recoup that fast (Yeah)/ If I put out that shit, I'd be done/ I swear these niggas is some bums/ Me gal back it up/ The ting wide like a bun/ Little boy I commit murder for fun/ Don't make me say it, you know what I want/ We never need no reason (Uh)/ She not my bitch, she just discipled/ Get drunk and start tweetin' and copped a new rifle attached/ Keltec, 5.7, P-50 with the big rounds on it/ Feel like Jim in The Mask/ Somebody stop me/ Never mind, just watch me (Uh)/ Shake it, shake it, shake it, go

[Verse 2]

You get me?/ Laughin' at niggas throwin' shade at Peg 'cause they know that they goin' out sad/ These whore-ass niggas try and case me/ Keep it zipped, only pay it in cash/ Runnin' circles 'round these niggas with no budget, dawg/ Killin' niggas with no pen at the pad/ Been goin' Super Saiyan god as I cut it off/ Every bounce mixed down is a bag/ So many niggas copy me/ I got no kids at all but this year startin' to feel like a dad

Not gonna lie, woke up and I'm feelin' like Romie, y'all better acknowledge it/ Not gon' lie, felt so old but a nigga so cold that I fucked around and polished it/ Not gonna lie, when I turn on these sessions, I feel like I stepped in my bag/ Not gon' lie, I can't turn on y'all albums, I know I'd be bumpin' some trash/ Fuck y'all

[Outro]

Fuck Y'all

"HATE (feat. FREAKYMAFIACULT)

Produced by Kenny Beats
Written by FREAKYMAFIACULT
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker
Programming by Kenny Beats

FMC [Verse 1]

You don't put me In your top 5/ That's hate/ Yal don't like me cuz you can't relate/ I fuck on that hoe like she 1090 Jake/ I Fuck with that hoe she remind me of satan/ Pressure I smoke and it came from the bay/ Eyes feel so low/ I Can't communicate/ He sent the lo and I came with a k/ She know she my hoe she came wit some k/ Real will remain at the end of the day/ Peggy legs crossed on the floor like Sensei/ You rappers treats drugs like character trait/ Don't know your face from can of paint/ When pop out you can bet that I'm dank/ These rappers down low like they in the paint/ Clicked up with ye now I'm breaking the bank/ Let the chopper sing like Tyrese and Tank/ To keep it frank/ You rappers is hot dog/ Capital H/ Swallow me/ Yelling out my god Like TD Jakes/ They are all on call/ I'm in Sri Lanka/ With a bad bitch and she think she Bianca/ Flip that bitch like she double entendre/ She gave me head so I took out her tonsils

[Chorus]

Uh/ In the back gettin my mind blown/ Uh/ Don't get your mind blown/ Uh/ Like Cudi car/ I blow up/ Soon as I show up/ I roll up/ You don't put me in your top 5/ That's hate/ You don't protect me and you a fan then that's hate

Take An (Instrumental)

Produced by JPEGMAFIA
Mixed by JPEGMAFIA
Mastered by Dale Becker

JIHAD JOE

Produced by JPEGMAFIA & Kenny Beats, Written by JPEGMAFIA, Mixed by JPEGMAFIA,
Mastered by Dale Becker, 1st Half Production & Programming by Kenny Beats
2nd Half Production by JPEGMAFIA, Guitar by JPEGMAFIA, Drums by JPEGMAFIA,
Bass by JPEGMAFIA, Programming by JPEGMAFIA

[Verse 1]

Everytime I get to sticking/ And I come around/ With that Kimber I'm wearing a mask/ These hoes still in they DJ phase/ They coming up short on/ Peace and cash/ I cannot take all these dick riders/ My bitch addicted to hating/ And kissing my ass/ Yea bitch you know/ I'm too much of narcissist/ Fuck on my reputation/ For a bag/ I can sniff out you proximity bitches/ I can't be responsible/ I'm not your dad/ Up in the morning/ I'm cleaning my Kimber/ The switch on that bitch/ I make sure it don't jam/ You niggas know that/ I'm down with the sickness/ Crash with the quickness/ Fucking up bands/ Mask on nigga like/ I'm Peggy Ipkis/ I went to Lipschitz/ He gave me xans/ Kimber, KelTec/ Rockford, Draco/ These are few of my favorite bands/ I'm Slim & Shady but I'm not a stan/ Tracy McGrady I jam with one hand/ Grow up little nigga you not Peter Pan/ Talking that shit because/ You know I'm the one with/ Beats, money, drugs, and the bands/ Godzilla and Kong with the mic in my hand/ Jihad Joe I kick in that door/ Better hit my line when the bombs don't land/ Bitch

[Verse 2]

Back in New York/ Back in the fort/ I'm back with the band/ Jump out the house/ Jump off the porch/ With the 30 in hand/ Sue me for libel/ I bet you I'm libel/ To say it again/ When I come around/ They be quiet/ I leave they be talking again/ Fuck y'all hoes/ I know I ain't shit I'd rather get banned/ If I'm in club then I'm gripping my 30/ I don't wanna dance/ Bitch woke up early to hate/ You don't even do this for your man/ Paying the price for the fame/ I'll never be normal again/ I'm so terminally online goddamn I need to check myself/ I'm so terminally goddamn I don't respect myself

FADE OUT:

THE END